Stay (For a Lifetime)

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by Oaks118

Summary

“What if I didn’t leave? What if I stayed all summer?”

OR: Ilya asks Shane if he can stay at the cottage past his two week timeline. They're both thrilled.

Notes

Hello! I'm so sad the season is over and we have to wait SOOO long for the next one. But here's a little tiny coda for the finale (not that it needed it since it was so cute and sweet). But this is just short and fluffy.

I might do one more in this series that covers the whole season but I'm not sure if I'll have time so I'll close this series, and this fic will be the end, if I don't. But keep an eye out for if I do.

But don't worry, this isn't the end, the end. I have lots more heated rivalry fics coming in the new year. They just won't be in this series so keep up with my account if you want to be notified when those drop :)

And I just posted a new 911 fic called Loveless so go check that out if you want an angsty, Buck dating and trying to find self-worth, jealous Eddie sabotaging, both of them figuring their shit out, fic.

Comments and kudos are appreciated. Enjoy!
-Oaks

Ilya was on the phone with Svetlana. Shane was trying not to let it bother him.

Except they were speaking in Russian. Of course. So Shane had no idea what they were saying.

Normally it wouldn't bother him – hell, he texted Rose around Ilya all the time just to make him jealous – but Ilya's two weeks at the cottage was coming to a close. They only had two more days to spend together and Shane was feeling a little selfish. He wanted to soak in as much of Ilya's attention as he could over the next 48 hours before they had to go the rest of the summer without each other. And then it would be back to only seeing each other on roadies, sneaking into each other's houses, and being careful about even *looking* at each other in public.

That somehow felt easier before, but after the last twelve days…Shane was already dreading dropping Ilya off at the airport.

Through the window, he could see Ilya smiling as he rambled on. Shane tried not to be jealous. It was nice seeing him so free, so relaxed. So happy. It was nice having a part in making that happen.

Ilya caught Shane staring through the glass. Neither of them looked away. Ilya's smile just broadened and Shane couldn't help his own. God, he was really gonna miss him.

Ilya's lips moved as he said one last thing to Svetlana and hung up. Then he came inside, skin warmed from the sun and smelling like fresh forest green – Shane's favourite. Shane's home.

"What are you making?" Ilya nodded at the vegetables Shane was chopping.

"Oh uh, potato salad. To go with the burgers for dinner."

"More burgers?" Ilya was still smiling. Teasing.

Shane blushed, "You seem to like them."

"Hmm," Ilya came up behind him, snaking his hands around Shane's waist, pressing a kiss to the back of his neck. "I do. I like them very much."

Shane tilted his head to give Ilya more room. Ilya trailed kisses up to his jaw, finding the spot that made Shane shiver. He set the knife down.

"I'm cooking," he feigned protest.

Ilya just pulled him closer, pressing his hard cock to Shane's ass. Shane pushed back.

"It can wait," Ilya mumbled through another kiss.

Shane huffed, "You're insatiable."

Ilya spun him around, lining their hips up as he backed Shane into the counter, “You make me insatiable.”

He kissed Shane for real this time and it’s sweeter than he’s expecting. More tender than desperate. It makes Shane want to drop to his knees.

He lets it go on for a couple minutes before pushing Ilya back, “Ok, ok, I need to finish this.”

Ilya gives him a devilish smirk, “I’ll finish—"

“No,” Shane pushes against his chest until he takes a step back. “No more distractions. We need to eat.”

“Hmm ok,” Ilya goes without too much protest. “You are right. We need sustenance.” He waggles his eyebrows, “For later.”

Shane just turns back to the chopping board, shaking his head, but he can’t keep the smile off his face. “You can peel the potatoes.”

Ilya starts rolling up his sleeves and he squeezes Shane’s ass as he passes by.

Shane rolls his eyes, “And wash your hands first.”

That night, they’re lying in bed, Shane’s head on Ilya’s bare chest, listening to his heartbeat, syncing their breathing together as they recover. Ilya’s fingers are running through Shane’s hair as they bask in the heat of each other’s bodies.

Shane thinks about what it will be like to sleep alone after this. He nuzzles into Ilya a little more, turning his head to place a kiss against his skin.

“I don’t want you to go,” he admits on an exhale, barely audible, words muffled into the over-heated skin of Ilya’s neck. He feels the muscles work as Ilya swallows, petting a hand through Shane’s hair.

“What if I didn’t?”

Shane pulls back immediately, “What?”

Ilya’s eyes are all soft and loving as he cards his fingers through Shane’s hair again, “What if I didn’t leave? What if I stayed all summer?”

Shane’s chest flutters but he doesn’t dare to hope yet, “Don’t you have to go back to Russia?”

“Hmm, no,” Ilya purses his lips. “There is nothing there for me. Not really. I will not see my brother, and Svetlana has already brought my gifts for my niece. I talked to her – she will make sure everything is taken care of if I do not go.”

“You talk to Svetlana about me?”

“She does not know it is *you*, but she knows I have someone. She knows about ‘Jane’. She knows it’s a man.”

“Oh.”

“Is that ok?”

Shane nods hesitantly, starting to let the hope free, “Yes. I um, I talk to Rose sometimes—”

Ilya rolls his eyes at the mention of Rose’s name.

Shane rolls his back, “Not about you, but about being gay. Being with men—"

“You are with men?”

“No,” Shane huffs, slapping Ilya’s chest. “You know I’m only with you.”

Ilya leans in for a kiss at that. It’s soft, easy. Normal.

“You don’t have to go train in Boston?” Shane asks hesitantly.

“No,” Ilya kisses him again. “We can train here. Together.”

“Your teammates won’t get suspicious?”

Ilya pulls back with an exaggerated sigh, “Hollander, if you want me to go—"

“No! No, I want you to stay,” Shane is quick to kiss him again, just because he can.

The hope completely takes over, “So you could stay here all summer?” Shane knows there’s too much pleading vulnerability in his voice – has been the entire two weeks Ilya’s spent at the cottage. But that was what they’d promised each other, and if this is what Shane is going to get out of it, then the emotional rawness is worth it.

Ilya just smiles at him, brushing his fingers through Shane’s hair again, “If you would have me, yes.”

Shane leans in for another kiss, “I’ll always have you.”

Ilya’s hands sink into the meat of his ass to pull him closer, turning the kiss heavy.

Shane lets out a little giddy laugh.

Ilya pulls back, “What?”

Shane can’t help his smile, “I can’t wait to do this all summer.”

Ilya squeezes his ass, “Why wait?”

They make love until the sun comes up. They’ll have the rest of the summer to sleep it off.

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